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In Memoriam  
**Howard Lord Morehouse.**

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IN MEMORIAM  
HOWARD LORD MOREHOUSE

A FATHER'S LOVING TRIBUTE.

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*"He pleased God, and was beloved of Him: so that  
living among sinners he was translated. . . .  
He, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled  
a long time: For his soul pleased  
the Lord; therefore hastened He to take  
him away from among the wicked."*

—WISDOM IV., 10, 13, 14.

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MILWAUKEE.

1895.

*“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they  
shall see God.”*



## IN MEMORIAM.

[N writing this sketch of our dear boy's last days, my object is to place in print answers to numerous enquiries from many friends for information, and which are well nigh impossible to give each individually through written communications. This is not for the public eye, but only for those who loved our precious son. Reverence for the loved one would make me hesitate to put in print words from which his modest nature would have shrunk, did I not feel that it is due to his associates in the University—and particularly to those who had known him but who had gone from its halls—that I should give them in detail the closing days upon earth of one who was so beloved.

Howard Lord Morehouse was born in Milwaukee, Oct. 12th, 1873. He was baptized in infancy in All Saints' Cathedral, and was

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confirmed on Easter day 1885, by Bishop Welles, about six months before his twelfth birthday. At about seven years of age he entered the Cathedral Institute, graduating with honors on June 12th, 1890, at which time the "Miriam Oliver" gold medal was awarded him as the best pupil of the school. At the same time a gold medal as first honor in the senior department was given him by the Institute. For the year previous he had been Captain of Cadets at the Institute, and was very proficient as drill master.

On the 1st of August, 1890, he entered the University of the South, the present Co-Adjutor Bishop of Tennessee then being the Vice-Chancellor. It was because of my acquaintance with, and knowledge of Dr. Gailor, that led me to choose the University of the South as the school best suited for Howard's course of study, and I wish to add here, that the choice could not have been better made. As soon as the prescribed limit was passed, Howard was made a Gownsmen. He passed one year very successfully at the University, and commenced on his second year, when he was afflicted by a disease of the eyes which necessitated his withdrawal from school. This was a bitter disappointment to us all, but doubtless was one of the blessings which God often

sends in the way of affliction. For a year, he was under the care of Dr. Schneider, a most eminent oculist of Milwaukee, who finally pronounced him fully restored; and who told him that had he not come thus early for treatment his eyesight might have been permanently injured, if not wholly lost. During the year at home, he was debarred from study and could only read a little each day. He busied himself daily in the Church Book Store, and filled his place in the choir of All Saints' Cathedral; he also frequently served the Priest at the Altar at the celebration of Holy Communion, both on Sundays and other days as his services were needed. By appointment of the Bishop he became Commandant of the Cadets at the Cathedral Institute, and attended to his duties with the same earnestness that characterized all his work. He was also the moving spirit among the young people in preparing entertainments for the benefit of the various departments of Church work.

It was in midsummer of that year that he told me of his wish to enter the sacred ministry. My heart bounded with joy at his decision. He at once offered himself to Bishop Nicholson, and was received as a Postulant. It was then deemed best for him to again return to Sewanee, where he spent the school year

from August, 1892, to the Commencement in 1893. By advice of his professors he spent the next year abroad, residing in Oxford and London, and studying very hard under an Oxford tutor. Before his return, he had the opportunity of two months of travel. How well he improved his time is known to all of his friends who have listened to the delightful descriptions of his travels. In London, his spiritual home was All Saints', Margaret Street, and St. Andrew's, Wells Street, the latter being the more convenient for attendance at the early celebrations. While abroad he became a member of the English Church Union. Returning the latter part of August, 1894, he again entered the University of the South, commencing upon a two years' course which, when completed, would enable him to take his degree as Master of Arts. He never lost sight of his goal. His scholarship was not of the brilliant order, but was of the character that comes of faithfulness to duty, and of a conscientious habit of doing well everything he undertook. One of his professors complimented him at one time upon his exceptional recitations, to which his modest answer was, "I have to work for all I get."

At the commencement of 1895, Howard won the Kentucky gold medal for Greek, presented by Bishop Dudley, and also the Ruggles-Wright gold medal for French. These were awarded in addition to the diplomas in the several departments of study which he had completed. He returned home for a three weeks' visit, it seeming to be his greatest desire to bring his medals to his parents in attestation of his attention to duty. He did not even wait at Sewanee to receive congratulations, or to partake in the festivities of the occasion; but hurried from the Chapel to his room to prepare for his home journey, taking the train at 3 p. m., which was to carry him to the home he loved above all spots on earth.

His three weeks at home were full of unalloyed happiness; and at the close he returned to his duties at Sewanee, hoping that his closing year there would be crowned with the success he coveted. His desire was that as many of the family as possible should be present when he received his degree; for the honor never seemed to him to be for himself, but as a pleasure to his parents and brothers and sisters.

In September he was elected by his Fraternity (the Alpha-Alfa Chapter of Kappa-Alpha Order) one of the delegates to the

Kappa-Alpha convention at Atlanta, Ga. He attended during the latter part of the month, and while there was the guest of Mr. Frederick M. Scott, in whose family he passed a most delightful week. He returned a few days earlier than he would have chosen in order to read an essay before the Pi Omega Literary Society on the night of the 28th, and also to act as Critic—having been appointed to both positions shortly before leaving for Atlanta. The title of his Essay was "Forsaken Versailles," which was received by the audience with enthusiasm.

On Sept. 30th, the Rev. Father Huntington gave a "Quiet-Day" for the theological students, to which were invited the postulants for Holy Orders. This included Howard, and he spent the day most profitably. In a letter to his mother written on October 6th, he said: "I would not have missed the day for the world, the impression it left can never, and will never be effaced, for I cannot but feel that it was the turning point in one's spiritual life. I owe much to Father Huntington indeed, and am most grateful for the meditations and instructions upon the Dignity of the Priesthood. It was certainly one of the happiest days that I ever spent, and I make no apology in thus des-

cribing it in detail in my letter, because it produced such an effect on me and on all others."

I cannot but feel that it was God's good providence which sent Father Huntington to Sewanee at that time, so that he might prepare my precious son for his entrance upon that higher ministry to which he was so soon to be called; and I particularly feel so, as I have since learned from Father Huntington, that Howard sought him in Confession, and received from him his priestly Absolution.

From this time Howard's illness seemed to have begun. He had severe headaches, was unable to sleep, and his appetite failed. Yet he was ever the same cheerful boy, and kept to his duties, preparing for his examinations, and coming out at the head of most of his classes. He had never missed a recitation on account of ill health in all his long residence at the University, and as he expressed it he "did not want to break his record;" and so he kept from all his associates his real condition, and continued his studies. But finally the weary body could hold out no longer, and the Health Officer was called in. On the night of All Saints' day, I received the startling telegram—"Howard has pneumonia, with a high fever." At once I left home for Sewanee,

arriving at 2:30 Sunday morning. He greeted me fondly; but as it was deemed best that I should not sit by him long, I retired for sleep before beginning my watch by his bedside, a few hours later. He was then delirious most of the time, but knew all who came to his bedside; but he was unable to hold any conversation, the delirium coming upon him whenever questioned at length. He was perfectly conscious however of all that was done for him, and always expressed thanks to the doctor or nurses when anything was done for his comfort. His natural politeness never forsook him. On Monday morning Bishop Quintard came to his bedside and offered prayer, beginning with the Creed. The delirium ceased at once, and he repeated the Creed word for word. Several times later I repeated the Creed, or the Chaplain would come and offer prayers; and always the delirium was controlled, and the dear boy would join in Creed and "Our Father". On Tuesday morning at seven o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Guerry, the Chaplain, came to give Howard the Holy Communion. Howard was then quite delirious and very restless and nervous. Mr. Guerry arranged the improvised Altar near his bedside, where the dear boy could see the holy vessels, and note every act. From



the moment of preparation he calmed himself, but it seemed a mighty effort, as he fixed his eyes on the Altar. Bishop Quintard, Dr. Hall, Miss Lily Green, Mrs. Cotten and the nurse were present and received the blessed sacrament with us. Howard repeated every word of the Creed; but during the Confession, he seemed unable to articulate a part of the time, although most of it was said in a strong and clear voice. During the *Sanctus*, his voice was heard even before that of the Priest, and he repeated every word loudly and distinctly. At the Benediction, he raised his poor weak right hand, and made the sign of the cross. The dear boy had received his *Viaticum*. His face was calm and bright, but instantly the delirium returned, and the nervous twitching of his arms began, and his head would roll from side to side.

I write this mid blinding tears, for as I recall the scene it is too holy and reverent to be made public; but I cannot but feel that there is a lesson in it all, which may, by God's providence, be inculcated in the hearts of some of his young friends, and teach them the value of living ever closely the sacramental life of the Church.

From this time on he kept perceptibly fail-

ing. He was delirious much of the time, while at others he seemed to rest comfortably.

On Tuesday, near midnight he began to sink rapidly, and the heart almost ceased its beating. Dr. Hall promptly administered hypodermic injections of whiskey, and he finally roused, and looked up with eyes bright and intelligent. I addressed a few words to him, and he answered with perfect calmness, though he was very weak. His last words were spoken then. To my last question he seemed unable to answer, but his whole countenance lighted up in a smile as a parting message to loved ones. This was now in the early hours of Wednesday. All day he was failing, and it was only a question of how long the human machinery would keep running.

As Wednesday waned and the night drew on, we still sat awaiting the moment when God should call the soul from the body. Late that night the Chaplain called again and read the Commendatory Prayer. Thursday dawned, and at 10:26 A. M., his spirit was taken by the holy angels to the blessed rest of Paradise.

At 7 A. M., on Friday, the body was carried to the Chapel where he had worshipped during his life at Sewanee. A requiem celebration

was held, Bishop Quintard being celebrant. Howard's Fraternity brothers, the family at Kendal Hall, and many other friends were there to receive and worship. At 8:30 a memorial service was held, Bishops Quintard and Gailor officiating. The entire number of students were present, and most of the residents on the mountain. Bishop Gailor had come up the day before, reaching the station a half hour after Howard's last moments, not having heard of his illness. His presence was a great comfort, and his coming was one of those providences which we so often call "accidents." At this service Bishop Gailor made an address, which is given in full in the pages following.

The body remained in the Chapel till 2:30 p. m., constant watch being kept by his Fraternity brothers. At 3 p. m., the start homeward<sup>ly</sup> was made, Mr. Wiggins, the Vice Chancellor of the University, coming the entire distance with me, and being to me the greatest earthly comfort that could have been provided. On our arrival in Milwaukee, we were met at the station by Bishop Nicholson and the Cathedral clergy, who went with us to the house of mourning, the Bishop saying a brief office for our consolation as the stricken family were gathered. Sunday, at 8 a. m., the

body was taken from his earthly home to All Saints' Cathedral, six choir men being pall-bearers. Here was a mortuary celebration, the Bishop being celebrant, and Howard's youngest brother, William, serving him at the Altar. During the regular services of the forenoon, the body was removed to the side Chapel, where it remained, tall tapers burning beside it, and vested choir men taking turns in keeping watch, as did also Howard's two brothers in turn. At 2:00 the office of Burial of the Dead was said, the Bishop and Canons St. George and Wright officiating. The choir sang the following hymn, which Howard first heard at All Saints', Margaret Street, London, and which was a favorite with him:

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?

The Blood of JESUS whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?

To do the will of JESUS, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?

On JESUS' Bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?

In JESUS' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?

JESUS we know, and He is on the Throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?

JESUS has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,

And Jesus call us to Heav'n's perfect peace. Amen.

Then came the interment in Forest Home, where the body shall rest till the Resurrection morn, while the soul awaits its coming in the Church Expectant, then to be joined together and enter upon never-ending life in one of the "many mansions" in the Church Triumphant.

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I could add many incidents in Howard's life which are treasured in the home circle, but they are too sacred and tender to put in print; but I feel that I must make one extract from one of his latest letters, written to his mother on October 13th, which shows something of the spiritual side of his character. The incident may be helpful to his comrades: "It was my privilege last night, to sit up with and diligently care for a very sick Grammar-school boy, who is being thus nursed through the night hours by the volunteer services of the older generation of students. My eyes did not close from the beginning of my lonely watch (9:30) to the end (at 6:00 this morning), and during that time I was either doing my best to anticipate his desires or busily engaged in satisfying his requests. But he happily had a rather good night, sleeping over half of the time; and my main duties were consequently to keep a big fire burning, and to resist my own temptation to go to sleep.

Somewhat irregularly, I recited the regular Offices appropriate to the night hours, and spent the remainder of my leisure time in the midst of light reading."

What can more beautifully show his devotion to duty, and his ever careful attention to religious matters! It was Howard's custom always to attend early Celebrations, when possible, on Sundays and Thursdays, and his life at home, in London and at Sewanee, made the custom practical for a greater portion of the time. He was an active member of the "Servers' Guild" of All Saints' Cathedral, and when at home was ever attentive to his assigned duties. It was also his custom to go to the church early to see if at any time the appointed server failed to appear in season, so that if one failed he could assist the Priest that he might not be inconvenienced. The Bishop would also occasionally call upon him to take lay services at mission stations, when clerical supply had failed.

Howard's literary attainments were remarkable in one so young, and particularly his manner of presenting Church truths. While in London he wrote a series of articles on the "Catholic Faith," which were published as a serial for several months, week by week, in *The Young Churchman*. In all his

writings he showed an ardent desire to lead the souls of young people into the path the Church had designated. He also wrote several letters for the same paper, descriptive of his travels; and one illustrated article on Oxford, for the *Kappa Alpha Journal* of Nashville. Last summer he completed a series of articles entitled "Sidelights on Church History," which were commenced in *The Young Churchman* at Advent, and will continue weekly for six months. At the time of his illness, he had in hand the translation from the French of Buet's novel, *Scenes de la Vie Clericale*. His last work with his pen was the completion of the second chapter, the closing words of which were, "Father, I wish to be a Priest." He spoke of the work of translating as "most fascinating," and was looking forward to the long winter vacation when he would complete it. Howard was also the editor and compiler of the "Foreign Summaries" in the *Church Eclectic*, a position and work which pleased him and which he enjoyed greatly. His last work in this department was done for the November issue of the magazine, showing how he kept up his work to the last moment.

Howard accomplished so much by the methodical way in which he did his work. He

had a time for everything. He had unusual gifts both of mind and heart. They will not be lost in the Higher Life upon which he has entered.

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A father's tribute to a son so dearly beloved needs no apology. I have tried only to place before Howard's friends a detailed statement of his closing days on earth.

The comforting presence of the Holy Spirit has sustained his parents and brothers and sisters, and the frequent sacramental privileges of Holy Church have given us all the strength to go on in our daily duties. The hundreds of sympathizing letters received have been grateful helps in our sorrow. I feel that many close and dear friends are entitled to this account, which has been given out of the depths of a wrenched and wounded heart.

I cannot close this account without a recognition of the unbounded kindness and hospitality of all the people of Sewanee. To Prof. Wiggins, the Vice Chancellor, my love and appreciation for all his comforting thought and attention can be but poorly expressed. His constant thought for Howard's comfort, and his unwearied attentions to me from beginning to end are bright and tender memories amid a sorrow the deepest of my life.



Dr. W. B. Hall, the Health Officer of the University, who had charge of Howard's case, won a place in my heart of deepest love and admiration. Calling frequently at first, and then for the last three days being *constantly* in attendance night and day, except for a very few short hours for needed rest, he showed a devotion to duty, and a kindness of heart which were remarkable. To Dr. Piggott also, who was called for counsel, and who came to relieve Dr. Hall for rest, my dearest thanks are due. Between the two physicians, Howard was never left alone; and all that human aid could do was done prayerfully and skilfully. Dr. Green also came and gave his counsel, until called away on Tuesday before the end came. To Miss Lily Green, with whom Howard had made his home during all his years at Sewanee, words fail me to express my gratitude. The same may be said of Mrs. Cotten, who sat through the silent hours of the night in most careful attentions. I would gladly name others, but it would simply mean a roll call of the mountain, for all were extremely kind in their attentions. To dear Bishop Quintard and to the Rev. Mr. Guerry my heart melts as I recall their constant prayers for the dear boy, and their comfort to me. To Bishop Gailor, my

warmest love goes forth; and to the young men at Kendal and to all Howard's Fraternity brothers I can only say, God bless you all! But I would fail in loving remembrance of attention if I did not mention the colored servants of Kendal Hall, who were most constant in their assistance. No incident was more touching to me than their devotion and their evidence of sorrow.

To the home friends, and especially to Bishop Nicholson and the Cathedral Clergy and Choir our tenderest love is offered.

Our most grateful thanks are tendered to the many friends among the clergy all over the country, who offered the Holy Sacrifice for us, and for our dear son that Light and Peace may be his portion.

Howard sleeps! The dutiful son, the loving brother, the cherished friend, has passed from this mortal sphere to the ever-increasing bliss of a Higher Life. His mature years had been spent in earnest preparation for entrance upon that Life; and yet God called him before we were ready to give him up! We "asked life of Thee; and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever."

" Lord, all pitying, Jesu blest,  
Grant him Thine eternal rest."

## ADDRESS OF BISHOP GAILOR IN THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, SEWANEE.

My dear Brothers: The ties of affection, the bonds of brotherly sympathy are too real, in this our University family at Sewanee to permit this service to pass without a word in loving memory of our brother who is gone from us to-day.

And first of all, as I look upon your faces and feel the universal sadness that pervades this dear old place, I know that you are thinking of what a gloomy and terrible thing death is. But it is my duty to remind you that the Lord of Life, our Saviour Jesus Christ hath transfigured death and taken from the grave its victory. And in His name and power I cherish the conviction of the free and joyous growth and development of our loved ones in Paradise. I love to recall that saying of the Apostle that assures us that the work of redemption and renewal, begun by the Saviour here, will go on and on even unto the last great day. It is the revelation of a Father's love and the power of an endless life. It is the blessed, the happy, the entire mastery of death, as something not to be afraid of, but as the Father's instrument for the completion and glorification of life.

And this gives us a new idea of our present relation to those who are gone from us. The Church on earth and in Paradise is one, and we are all members of the really undivided family—one in our humanity but one more completely and everlastingly in that sacramental union which we call the Fatherhood of God through Christ. What richness of brotherhood, what perfection of manhood is this—a brotherhood not hedged in by the paltry limits of earth—a manhood which refuses to be judged by the stumbling and disastrous record of its mere earthly progress, but which, as redeemed in Christ, is one with the splendid and exultant host of the Saints of God. We who are yet on earth are the miserable remnant, they are the victorious and joyous multitude. We, beset with temptation, soiled with sin, pierced with pain—they untrammelled and unhindered in their glorious march, beautiful as the sun that shineth in his strength.

“ Each some work sublime forever working  
In the spacious tracts of that great land.”

Who shall tell what lines of influence reach down into human hearts from that other shore—what power of a mother's love, what tenderness of a son's true loyalty, of a child's devotion? Who shall attempt by any method

and calculus to measure the tides that ebb and flow in human spirits that make up the universal life of the Church of God? In the thought of our brother whom we knew so well, in the company of the Saints of God, whose prayers for us respond as it were to our prayers for them, let us realize the Communion of the Saints this morning, and pray for them and for ourselves the blessing beyond all limits of human thought or speech—the blessing of those who have not seen and yet have believed, the blessing which is the confirmation and reward of faith.

But you say to me: "He was so young to die." Ah! yes—we think of that irresistibly. He was young. His active life was just beginning. He was cut off in the very morning of his years. So many plans have failed. So many hopes are shattered. What a dreadful loss and catastrophe is this! And they say that he is dead—that it is all over—that some broken column or urn reversed is the fit symbol of this wasted promise and disappointed hope. Ah! my Brothers let us to-day in the faith of Christ repudiate that Pagan falsehood. Let us believe that this life is but the beginning—yonder is the end. And what is it if a young man fails to gain his full measure of men's applause, if he goes to finish and com-

plete his life with the army of immortals? We know that what seemed to fail here shall have unlimited opportunity of fulfilment hereafter—that permanent imperfection is incompatible with the life in Christ—and his certainly was the life in Christ. Many things we might say of him, that men like to hear. He was exceptionally endowed in mind and heart. He was among the very foremost as a student in the University. He had the gift of winning the affection and confidence of his fellows. He took the prizes of the schools and showed rare ability in scholarship. But above all these things—noble as they are—is the fact that the life of Howard Morehouse was a consecrated life, consecrated to God. His work for Christ had already extended beyond the region of example and influence. His last intellectual exercise was the translation of the chapter of a book that he thought would help to bring the Gospel to his fellow men. He gave his life to Christ and it was already complete. For I say, my Brothers, that he who dies in Christ believing in the Life and rejoicing in the Life,—for such a soul death is but the entrance into life. There may be pain—much pain to us who have to tarry and feel his loss—but for him it is the blessing of release and the joy of victory; the toil and

failure of life passed away—the narrowness of the spirit's ineffectual striving become a distant memory—and every hope illumined and every faculty enlarged in the presence of Him who liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore.

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#### BISHOP NICHOLSON'S TRIBUTE.

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Not for many years has any loss been more deeply felt amongst our young Churchmen and Church workers in Milwaukee than the lamented death of Howard Lord Morehouse, a student at Sewanee University, an intending candidate for the ministry of the Church, and a young man of great ability and equally great sweetness of Christian character. Upon ourselves, since coming to the charge of this Diocese, no one young man, of the many who have been thrown in contact with us, has made a stronger, deeper or more abiding impression. In our Church circles in Milwaukee, and even beyond it, the name of Howard Morehouse had almost grown to be a household word. A graceful, well rounded and most useful Christian character showed itself and its power all through his life. His mental gifts coming from God, were of a high order, as his scholastic record so well testifies. His

spiritual gifts were even higher, and he stood as a model of cheerful and helpful Christianity in its best sense wherever he was known. "In the world, but not of it," would be a fitting motto to encircle above such a life. Taken from us at the early age of 22, cut off in his early bloom, yet the permanent influence of his life, the real good he did, the solid worth of his character, goes very far beyond what is ordinarily cast in so short a space. Baptized in the Cathedral by Dean Spalding, in the earliest days of its history, having as his godfather the Rev. Mr. Mallory, then one of the younger Cathedral clergy—his whole religious life was nourished by a close and steadily deepening contact with our Cathedral work and ministrations. In the day-school, in the Sunday-school, in the choir, in any and every part of Christian activity, Howard Morehouse, while never obtrusive, was ever faithful, ever at his post of loving duty, ever helpful, ever cheerful and happy, and ever doing the best God enabled him to do. At Sewanee he had the same remarkable measure of popularity, warm friendships and personal devotion. He died as he had lived, at his post of duty, whatever that might be, whether little or great. The funeral services at Sewanee, attended by two Bishops, a large



number of the clergy and the 300 students, became a remarkable testimony of the widespread sense of loss. And the final ceremonies of farewell and interment, at All Saints' Cathedral, on Sunday, Nov. 10th, with a sorrowing throng of old and young, rich and poor, one with another, filling almost completely the whole building, was another rare evidence of the great and lasting value of the young man's beautiful life and most beautiful death. His life was his best sermon, and the memory of it shall not soon pass away.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Even by ruling himself after Thy word."

We but voice the feelings of this whole Diocese, clergy and laity alike, and even of thousands in the Church far beyond this Diocese, when to the bereaved family we tender our sympathy, our prayers, and our respectful regards. To have had such a son, and such a brother, in itself goes a long way towards making this weary life quite worth the living.

"Grant him eternal rest, O Lord,  
And may Light Perpetual shine upon him."

On that Sunday afternoon we laid his dear body to its quiet rest on a gentle slope at Forest Home. There may it rest and sleep

till "the general resurrection in the last day!" And then may it wake up, fashioned somewhat after the glorious likeness of our Incarnate Lord.—From *The Church Times*, the Diocesan paper of Milwaukee.

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#### HOWARD L. MOREHOUSE BURIED.

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##### THE SERVICES HELD AT ALL SAINTS' CATHEDRAL.

All Saints' Cathedral was crowded to the doors, yesterday afternoon, at the funeral services of Howard L. Morehouse, who died at the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., last Thursday. Bishop Nicholson officiated, assisted by Canons St. George and Wright, the surpliced choir taking part. The choir marched into the church in solemn procession, afterward rendering the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace," with the hymn, "The King of Love," as a recessional. The interment was at Forest Home, the pall-bearers being Abbot Thorndike, Herbert Lamb, Arthur Daniells, Charles Granger, Charles Davis and Daniel Washburn. Among those present at the service was Vice-Chancellor Wiggins, of the University of the South, who accompanied the body to this city from Sewanee in company with the father, L. H. Morehouse. After the service Mr. Wiggins said that young Morehouse had been in every way one of the

very best of students, leading his classes, and at the commencement in August, in addition to receiving the additional diplomas, carried off the highest honors in Greek, and won the Kentucky medal bestowed by Bishop Dudley of Kentucky. He also carried off the highest honors in French, winning the Ruggles-Wright medal. He was to receive the Master of Arts degree next August. He was very highly esteemed by pupils and people generally at Sewanee, and this was shown by the concern manifested on all sides during his illness, and by the general mourning after his death. He died at 10 o'clock Thursday morning. Two services were held the following morning in the chapel, one at 7 o'clock, at which Bishop Quintard was the celebrant, and which was attended by a great number of students and friends, and a memorial service at 8:30 o'clock, when six members of his Chapter acted as pall-bearers. The students in all the departments of the University were present in their scholastic caps and gowns, and the cadets from the grammar school were in uniform. The chapel was beautifully decorated in white by the young ladies and students. Bishop Quintard read the service, and a very touching and eloquent address was made by Bishop Gailor, bishop-coadjutor of Tennessee. —*Milwaukee Sentinel*, Nov. 11th.

DEATH OF HOWARD L. MOREHOUSE.

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Died at Sewanee, Thursday Nov. 7th, at 10:26 A. M. Howard Lord Morehouse, of Milwaukee, Wis.

Howard Lord Morehouse was born in Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 12th, 1873. He was graduated at the Cathedral Institute at Milwaukee, in 1890, and entered The University of the South in the Trinity Term of the same year. In 1893-4 he was a member of Keble College, Oxford, England. Returning to Sewanee in September, 1894, he re-entered the University, and continued his work for the M. A. degree. He was one of the very best students in the University, the winner of the Greek and French medals, '95, and Critic of Pi Omega Literary Society, Trinity, '95. At the time of his sickness he was engaged in translating a work from the French, and held the position of Foreign Editor on the staff of the *Church Eclectic*. He was also the author of a "Church History for Children," which will be published serially in *The Young Churchman*.

His conscientious and scholarly work in classes won for him the esteem of the Faculty; his unfailing kindness and cheerfulness of disposition the regard of his fellow students.

He was engaged in preparation for the Sacred Ministry and intended pursuing his theological studies at Nashotah.

His body was removed yesterday to Milwaukee for burial, after a memorial service in the Chapel, conducted by Bishops Quintard and Gailor.—From the *Sewanee Purple*.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CHORAL UNION OF ALL  
SAINTS' CATHEDRAL, MILWAUKEE.

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ALL SAINTS' CATHEDRAL, )  
MILWAUKEE, NOV. 8TH, 1895. )

The members of the Choral Union of All Saints' Cathedral take action thus on the death of their fellow-member and friend, Howard Lord Morehouse:

FIRST. We note the fact that Howard Lord Morehouse has been a faithful and efficient member of the Choir of All Saints' Cathedral since he first joined it as a boy of fourteen years of age, until he left to go to England two years ago. Whenever he returned to his home for vacations, he also at once returned to his duty and place in the Choir of his spiritual home, the Church he loved so well.

SECONDLY. His devotion in the Choir was but a reflex of that life which he lived at the Altar and by the Altar, the mainspring and motive of his inner life and outward conduct.

THIRDLY. How gladly he entered into all that tended to make life joyous and bright and happy, entering with thorough earnestness into the pleasures and amusements which enhance our social relationships.

FOURTHLY. And now the good God has in His Wisdom removed from amongst us the face, the form, the pres-

ence of our dear friend and brother choir-man to that land not very far off beyond the veil.

THEREFORE, While we may, we thank God for the beautiful example of the life which He has given us in our departed friend.

We pray for his peace and refreshment and ever-increasing light and joy in the Paradise of God, and finally that he may be numbered with the Saints in Glory everlasting.

LASTLY. We would offer our respectful and deepest sympathy with the parents and family of our dear brother, and pray that that Perfect Peace which God alone can give, may be theirs to bind up their broken hearts and lead them with us to say:

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.  
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

THE CHORAL UNION OF ALL SAINTS' CATHEDRAL.

ABBOT THORNDIKE, *President*.

EDGAR C. HOE, *Secretary*.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ALPHA-ALPHA CHAPTER,  
SEWANEE.

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HALL OF ALPHA-ALPHA CHAPTER, {  
KAPPA ALPHA ORDER,  
NOVEMBER 7TH, 1895. }

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to take from our ranks our beloved brother, Howard Lord Morehouse, we, the members of Alpha-Alpha Chapter of Kappa Alpha Order, in token of our love and remembrance, do hereby

RESOLVE, That in the death of this loyal brother, although we bow in humble submission to the Divine will, we have sustained an irreparable loss.

RESOLVE, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family, assuring them that we share with them their sorrow and grief.

RESOLVE, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

RESOLVE, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, a copy inscribed on our record, a copy published in the *Kappa-Alpha Journal* and in the *Sewanee Purple*.

HARRY J. MIKELL,  
FRANCIS T. CONSTANT,  
FRANK H. CRAIGHILL,  
BAYARD B. SHIELDS,  
*Committee.*



## RESOLUTIONS OF THE STUDENTS.

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SEWANEE, TENN., NOV. 12TH, 1895.

At a mass meeting of the students of the University of the South, held at Sewanee, Tenn., on Nov. 9th, 1895, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take to Himself our fellow student, Howard Lord Morehouse, we, the students of the University of the South, do hereby testify our sense of the loss in the following resolutions:

RESOLVED (1), That in the death of Howard Lord Morehouse the University has lost one of the most conscientious and scholarly of its members, whose future usefulness both to the world and to the Church was already conspicuously manifest.

RESOLVED (2), That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

RESOLVED (3), That a copy of the resolutions be sent to his family, and that they be published in the *Sewanee Purple*.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE PI OMEGA LITERARY  
SOCIETY.

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SEWANEE, TENN., NOV. 13TH, 1895.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His divine providence, to take from us our esteemed member, Howard Lord Morehouse, be it

RESOLVED, That in the death of Mr. Morehouse this Society has lost one of her most talented members and faithful officers.

RESOLVED, That we heartily sympathize with his family in their sore bereavement.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Society, be published in the *Sewanee Purple*, and be sent to the afflicted family.

THOS. TRACY WALSH,

WM. F. LOVELESS,

THOS. P. NOE,

*Committee.*

## IN MEMORIAM.

H. L. M.

He sleeps, but in his armour,—  
 God's true and faithful Knight,  
 That armour worn so bravely,  
 Still gleaming, pure and bright,  
 Triumphant o'er the darkness,  
 The Armour fair of Light.

The shield, so pure and stainless,  
 Hath won its fair renown;  
 The sword so bravely wielded,  
 As bravely still laid down;  
 The helmet all untarnished,  
 Is now the victor's crown.

How bright the breastplate gleaming,  
 With now no battle trace;  
 For him all conflict ended,  
 All battle-din surcease,—  
 Each foe all bravely conquered,  
 His banner now is Peace.

God grant thee rest, true Soldier,  
 Triumphant o'er the strife;  
 God grant thee His own guerdon  
 With boundless promise rife,—  
 "To him that overcometh"  
 The peerless Crown of Life!

L. L. R.





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